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LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY AND PUBLIC APPOINTMENTS, &c.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE DISTRICT COUNCIL
APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN
The Council of the District of Bucks. are seeking a person to fill the post of Librarian. The post is full time, with a salary of £1,200 per annum, plus pension. The successful candidate will be responsible for the management of the District Library, which includes the care of the books, the provision of a reading room, and the organization of library services. The post is open to all persons who are qualified by experience and education. Applications should be sent to the Clerk of the Council, Bucks. District Council, 100 High Street, Aylesbury, Bucks. HP8 4AA. Closing date: 15th February 1969.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
LIBRARIAN, ST. PETER'S
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APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN
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APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN
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LEEDS EDUCATION COMMITTEE
APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN
The Leeds Education Committee are seeking a person to fill the post of Librarian. The post is full time, with a salary of £1,200 per annum, plus pension. The successful candidate will be responsible for the management of the Leeds City Library, which includes the care of the books, the provision of a reading room, and the organization of library services. The post is open to all persons who are qualified by experience and education. Applications should be sent to the Clerk of the Committee, Leeds Education Committee, 100 High Street, Leeds, W. LS1 1AA. Closing date: 15th February 1969.

STAFFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN
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SURREY
EDUCATION COMMITTEE
APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN
The Surrey Education Committee are seeking a person to fill the post of Librarian. The post is full time, with a salary of £1,200 per annum, plus pension. The successful candidate will be responsible for the management of the Surrey County Library, which includes the care of the books, the provision of a reading room, and the organization of library services. The post is open to all persons who are qualified by experience and education. Applications should be sent to the Clerk of the Committee, Surrey Education Committee, 100 High Street, Surrey, GU1 1AA. Closing date: 15th February 1969.

LONDON BOROUGH OF NEWHAM
APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN
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Other Vacant Appointments
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SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
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Choibalsang and the making of modern Mongolia

C. R. BAWDEN: The Modern History of Mongolia. 460pp. 47 plates. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3 3s.

There are very few really good books about Mongolia in English. Two that come to mind are *The History of the Mongols* by C. R. Bawden, published in 1919, and *The Modern History of Mongolia* by C. R. Bawden, published in 1933. They are both excellent books, and they are both written by the same man, C. R. Bawden. Bawden was a British scholar who spent a great deal of his life in Mongolia. He was a pioneer in the study of Mongolian history, and he was one of the first people to bring the history of Mongolia to the attention of the English-speaking world. His books are still the best books about Mongolia in English, and they are still being read by scholars and by the general public alike.

Bawden's *The Modern History of Mongolia* is a book that is both a history and a biography. It is a history of Mongolia from the time of the Mongol Empire to the present day. It is also a biography of the people of Mongolia, and it is a book that is both a history and a biography. It is a book that is both a history and a biography, and it is a book that is both a history and a biography. It is a book that is both a history and a biography, and it is a book that is both a history and a biography.



Tackubal, Mongolian premier



Marshal Choibalsang

shadow, not eligible for an education or a career. Yet, in the confusion of the terrible revolutionary years, he was able, by moving to another place and registering under his mother's name instead of his father's, to get an education, and today he may hold an honorable position. Everything that he lost, and everything that has been opened up to him since, came from the same revolutionary process. Nor can it be said either that resignation to the unjust fate of one's father is "oriental fatalism" or that acceptance of a good career in the later, successful, phase of the revolution without resentment against the giver, demonstrates an abject servility, inculcated by a totalitarian regime.

The intervening of tragedy and success, or achievement, is part of what a revolution is all about; and the people who have lived through it understand it. Dr. Hawden shrewdly points out how medieval or primitive characteristics survive into at least the beginning years of a twentieth-century revolution. The Living Buddha of Urga, to stop the advance of the Red partisans from the north, had "a diabolical structure for repelling demons and evil influences conveyed out of Urga towards the north... and a crowd of Tibetans fired after it with guns, but to no practical purpose." The tough and trusted revolutionaries who were sent down to the western Gobi to liquidate a counter-revolutionary "first scorched a sheep's shoulder blade and examined the cracks in it to find out which of them should undertake which part of the action." Things of this kind suggest an analysis that ought to be carried further. The old society of Mongolia was a medieval survival. The most sophisticated representatives of the old order and the most tenacious opponents of the revolution had patchwork minds—shrewd, but also full of ignorance and a belief in the supernatural that was more often childish than mystical. The most resolute revolutionaries were poorly and unevenly educated men. They had a lot of tough common sense, but were still in the process of learning, in the school of hard knocks, how to organize and to manoeuvre politically.

In such a society, under the stress of revolution, when those formerly most respected for their wisdom and authority behaved irresponsibly, spreading rumours for example that the Panchen Lama, a powerless exile from Tibet, would come with Japanese aid and his own army of "eight ten thousands of soldiers and eighty-eight paladins" to smash the revolution, the resistance of the revolutionaries inevitably included not only hasty and often imperfectly understood borrowings from the Russians, but a large measure of their own share of the medieval heritage. Rumour replied to rumour, and savage tale was countered by savage tale. One should not over-stress foreign ideology. An important part in history was the ability of the revolution to suppress the oppressors by using



Street scene in old Ulan Bator in 1959, before rebuilding.

against them their own measures. The fact that the old could be beaten at its own game helped to convince the people that the old was down, and the new up. For many, this was the "moment of truth" which convinced them not only that the new was to be accepted, but that it should be studied and understood.

Another important aspect of the comparative study of revolutions is the interplay of forces outside the country in which the revolution takes place. Mongol historians today emphasize what went on in their own country, plus the "fraternal and unselfish" advice and aid of the Russians. Russian historians emphasize their own "fraternal and unselfish" virtues even more, which is a pity, since their record, in Mongolia at least, is so excellent that an occasional touch of modesty would make it stand out more clearly. Against these two tendencies, Dr. Hawden sets out to make the case that the most significant factor in Mongolian development was the way in which each stage followed a com-

parable stage that had already begun in Russia. The implication is that this was because the Russians wanted it that way and ordered it that way. The possibility that the Mongols, for their own reasons, may have wanted the same things at the same time as the Russians is not raised.

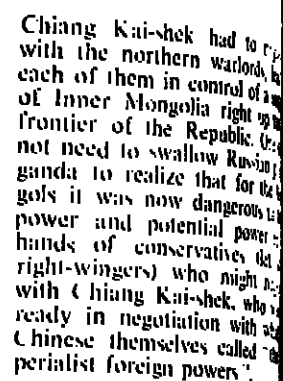
Consider the timetable. In 1921 the Mongol revolutionaries came to power—with Russian aid, for which they had petitioned: the Russians had not forced it on them. From then until 1924 there was a period of cautious consolidation. In 1924 the old Living Buddha died, and the Mongols took the opportunity to reorganize the state as a People's Republic. The period from 1925 to 1928 the Mongols now describe as one of "right-wing deviation". An external factor of overriding importance is that from 1921 to 1927 the Russian influence was growing; first there was Russian contact with Sun Yat-sen, then a united front between Chinese communists and Kuomintang, and the beginning of the Northern Expedition from Canton towards Peking. During the whole of this period a

vast revolution in China and elsewhere seemed a possibility. For the Russians, Mongolia must have looked like a broad avenue of approach to the China of the future. As for the Mongols, young and immature in international affairs, they must certainly have looked to their Russian mentors for an explanation of what was going on in the world; but also, for sound reasons, a Chinese revolution was desirable for Mongolia. It promised to overthrow the Chinese warlords, and it was the warlords who from each of the frontier provinces were encroaching on Inner Mongolia and narrowing the distance between them and the Mongolian Republic that the Mongols most feared. With a united front in China, the Mongols could safely experiment with a moderate, mixed policy (later labelled right-wing). Foreign trade (with countries other than Russia) revived; the number of lamas increased; the church got richer.

In 1927 Chiang Kai-shek turned on the communists, which meant that without the thrust of popular support, especially from the peasants,



The State Theatre, Ulan Bator.



A Kennedy view of the Cuban missile crisis

ROBERT F. KENNEDY:
10 Days: The Cuban Missile Crisis, October 1962.
200p. Macmillan, 32s.

It is remarkable and naturally emotional introduction to 13 Days, Mr. Robert McNamara's telling us that:

...to danger strips away the protective covering with which each of us shields his inner thoughts: it quickly and automatically displays a man's character, his exposure to danger forges a bond of understanding stronger than any that can be formed by casual association. So it was that I came to know, and love Robert F. Kennedy, the Cuban missile crisis.

One of the remarkable features of this remarkable historical record is that it makes intelligible the emotions which the famous Secretary of Defense recalls in sorrow the death of his colleague and friend. He makes us understand why he could not let the late Robert Kennedy go, and why he loved an equivalent "unmolested death" than his was any day.

In a sense there is not very much that is new in this record of the Cuban missile crisis of 1962. Mr. Soenen, Mr. Schlesinger, Mr. Tamm, and many others, more than enough from the centre of things, have given us information of great value, and sometimes of things, of course, on the beginning and the resolution of that crisis which put at risk the great globe itself. That the decision to challenge the Russian challenge at the risk of a world catastrophe involved more than the interests, vanity, or pride of the United States was very much in the mind of the Kennedy brothers during the thirteen days. At the very end of his unfinished narrative Mr. Kennedy recalls decisions of great importance which had no vote in the decision made in Washington or in the Kremlin. Both brothers knew how important it was to humiliate the then ruler of Cuba, and it was Robert Kennedy who found the solution by accepting the solution of Khrushchev's letters that the second which would have made impossible without a confrontation that might have involved total nuclear war, and, at least, would have involved great human losses and the destruction of many human beings.

The gist of Robert Kennedy's narrative has been public for some time now. We know, and it is very important that we should remember, that he projected against any merely military argument which would mean that the United States was initiating Japan on the eve of Pearl Harbor and was ready to destroy a small nation when basic interests of the United States could be secured in other ways. Nothing is more remarkable than the insistence by Robert Kennedy on the suspicion that he and his brother had of what Americans call "the military". Only General Maxwell Taylor is, by name, exempted from the criticism of these experts in military affairs who certainly did not accept the real meaning of Clausewitz's famous dictum that the objects of war are necessarily political. For them, as for General Curtis LeMay (who is very obviously the great military expert most certain that bombing people back to the Stone Age is victory), military action without regard for political consequences was wisdom, and it must be remembered that there are a great many people in the United States (a country which has never been bombed) who really thought that any concession made to the rulers of Russia, or to the insolent ruler of Cuba, was unworthy of the United States. To resist the spontaneous and artificial passion of the American people (more artificial than genuine) took political courage.

President Kennedy said to his brother, the Attorney General, that if he gave way to the Russian challenge he would be impeached. This was a rhetorical flourish, but it did require political courage of a type not in universal supply to control the temper of two such passionate leaders as the Kennedy brothers and to build a bridge for the flying foe.

The tension of the thirteen days is increasingly brought home as the full extent of Russian duplicity and of apparent Russian revolution was made plain to the small group around the President in the White House. (For the student of the American political system, it is perhaps worth noting that among the last people told of the terrible crisis in Cuba were the members of the Cabinet.) Robert Kennedy discusses, with great candor, the clash of opinions and judgments in the special committee the President set up. He pays great tribute to the impressive energy and intelligence with which Mr. Dean Acheson argued the case for the Hawks. But perhaps Robert Kennedy should have discussed the very widely believed piece of Washington scuttlebutt, which reported that the most tenacious of the Doves was Adlai Stevenson. This apparently "inspired leak" after the event produced a famous cartoon by Herblock and reminded people of how Adlai Stevenson had been used, at the time of the Bay of Pigs, to tell the United Nations less coherent, less convincing, but equally false stories about American policy, as false if not as euphuistic as those which the Russian Government kept on circulating in public and in private. Indeed, it was the memory of the Bay of Pigs that made both the Kennedy brothers so sceptical of official informed opinion. There had been dissenting opinions about the basic policy behind the Bay of Pigs, but the new President of 1961 had made the same mistake as Churchill made in 1925 in accepting

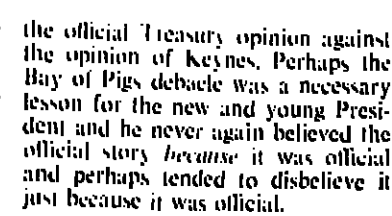
the official Treasury opinion against the opinion of Keynes. Perhaps the Bay of Pigs debacle was a necessary lesson for the new and young President, and he never again believed the official story because it was official and perhaps tended to disbelieve it just because it was official.

There is also in this book an obvious bias, if it can be put that way, against Mr. Dean Rusk, whose role in the crisis is represented as being minimal. The stiffness, the slowness, the passion for protocol, of the State Department is more hinted at than described, but implications are not to be avoided: the less professional diplomats had to do with the crisis the better. (There are some exceptions, of course, like Mr. Llewellyn Thompson and Mr. Philip Kaiser, but on balance the members of the *carrière* come out badly, if not as badly as members of the military.)

On the whole, Robert Kennedy kept his temper in going back to the thirteen days of anguish. There is a blind joke at the expense of Mr. Dielenbaker, who did not like the Kennedys any more than they liked him. He learnt of the opinion of Senator Capeworth of Indiana, but that opinion was ignored. We learn of the very helpful role of the present Lord Harlech, who had the advantage of being a close personal friend of the President. We learn of the letter of congratulation sent to Comandante Khrushchev by Lord Russell. Students of American diplomatic history, remembering the antics of the first Lord Russell during the Civil War, might have thought that blind will tell.

It is interesting to learn that President Kennedy was extremely hostile to sending ships with "sensitive equipment" near the coast of Cuba, a lesson which the Pueblo episode has shown the Department of Defense has not learnt. We learn also a great deal more about the degree to which the President supervised the details of the complicated operation of the blockade, although there is no comment on the discovery of the incompetence of the admiral mainly concerned. We learn also of the useful importance of Miss Barbara Tuchman's *The Guns of August*, and of the importance attached to the support given by General de Gaulle. One could question some details. "Legal" is used in a sense that a lawyer not committed to a belief in the law-making power of the Organization of American States (O.A.S.) might think was hardly justified.

On the whole this is a moving as well as illuminating *mémoire pour servir*, and it perhaps explains why, in spite of a great deal of criticism, most people think that John Kennedy and Robert Kennedy showed intelligence, self-control, courage, even though they were strongly disapproved of by many eminent thinkers and by the main representative of the voice of John Bright.



Nelson Do? Mr. Bennett, at least in this work, is not distinguished in either. His material is arranged in no apparent logical order, and he implies, for instance, that the fact that a man was socially well-connected and had relations in the Navy was a guarantee of his incompetence. Such superficiality of judgment, which characterizes the whole book, makes it not shocking or challenging, but merely dull.

By selecting only what has been reprehensible and stupid, Mr. Bennett has completely failed to make any telling point. He may claim that he is a journalist and not a historian, but good journalism is more than selective history: it is clear writing and cogent argument. Unlike Hansen Switzer, who attempted a

history of the Cuban missile crisis, Mr. Bennett's book is a collection of anecdotes and gossip, and it is a pity that it should be so well written. It is a pity that it should be so well written.

Stanley Bennett: *The Price of Power*, 272pp. Robert F. Kennedy, 32s.

The Navy has suffered from serious mistakes of professional judgment. It has been a commonplace of naval historians since the time of Mahan. That some of its officers were incompetent and cruel and that conditions on the lower deck were often unacceptably miserable have been recently been retold by Christopher Lloyd. The social exclusiveness and the part played by family

connections among the officers of the Navy has been a commonplace of naval historians since the time of Mahan. That some of its officers were incompetent and cruel and that conditions on the lower deck were often unacceptably miserable have been recently been retold by Christopher Lloyd. The social exclusiveness and the part played by family

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Unwatertight Case

Stanley Bennett: *The Price of Power*, 272pp. Robert F. Kennedy, 32s.

The Navy has suffered from serious mistakes of professional judgment. It has been a commonplace of naval historians since the time of Mahan. That some of its officers were incompetent and cruel and that conditions on the lower deck were often unacceptably miserable have been recently been retold by Christopher Lloyd. The social exclusiveness and the part played by family

have been unravelled with great skill by Michael Lewis. But all these criticisms have been telling and formidable because they have been made as part of a balanced analysis of the Navy's life and achievement as a whole.

By selecting only what has been reprehensible and stupid, Mr. Bennett has completely failed to make any telling point. He may claim that he is a journalist and not a historian, but good journalism is more than selective history: it is clear writing and cogent argument. Unlike Hansen Switzer, who attempted a

A time and a place

ROBIN SKELTON: *Poetry of the Forties*. 260pp. Penguin. 5s.

Mr. Skelton's Penguin anthology *Poetry of the Thirties* was an ingenious compilation backed by an extremely simple thesis: that the decade opened under delusions of left-wing commitment, but the better poets eventually realized the moral and aesthetic errors of their ways. Some had political poems (mostly about Spain) and some good non-political ones, arranged under appropriate headings, named home this novel and instructive contribution to the history of ideas. Apparently satisfied, the publishers have now invited Mr. Skelton to enter the next decade's promised land. He brings some old quarrels with him:

The mountains and land-scapes of Auden are allegorical, and serve as a backdrop for the intellectual quandary; the landscape tends to derive from the concept. Alan Lewis, the young and Norman Nicholson's Cumberland exist as truths of experience, and their actuality gives rise to speculation and philosophy. As a judgment on Auden's work, this is inaccurate. Like all poets, he is weakly unspecific at times, but some of his landscapes are as sharply and empirically observed as Lewis's or

Nicholson's. At one point Dylan Thomas's or George Barker's, after an implied characterization of Forties poetry in general, it is also inaccurate. Nobody was ready to meander lovingly about the "significance" of places than the overseas soldier on the invasion-fearing civilian. George Bruce's "Kindred Head", one of Mr. Skelton's selections, follows twelve lines of description with:

O impenetrable and very ancient rock
Rejecting the violence of water,
Ignoring its accumulations and strategy,
You yield to history nothing.

The rock comes first and the political metaphor second; but the image is as wrenched, as thin and as arbitrary as any exhibit from the Stalinist chamber of horrors. It is simply a bad poem.

The idea that to write about a specific place is to write specifically dies hard. Mr. Skelton adds a much nuttier notion when he praises the Forties poets' attempt "to grapple with that strange love of one's own place which alone gives meaning to the generalized rhetoric of the politicians." Alone? There is a passion for justice as well as a taste for landscape, and the first is not self-evidently a poorer motor for poetry. In the Thirties many people faked it,

which was very wrong of them. In the Forties they kept quiet about it, partly through distrust of earlier faking. But those who thought they were defending certain political rights and freedoms were not necessarily less wise (either as poets or as people) than those who thought they were defending Welsh hills or English pubs. It is Eliot's view of history that operates, now [i.e., then] and not the view of Marx or Engels. Mr. Skelton blithely remarks apropos of F. T. Prince's "Soldiers Bathing": With such gigantic oversimplification the gods themselves fight in vain.

One can turn with relief from the introduction to the actual selection of poems. The first, after all, is only 16 pages to the second's 210. And Mr. Skelton has done his work very thoroughly. The dating is scrupulous (though he hopes readers will cooperate in the production of an even fuller second edition). The reading behind his choices is obviously wise; this is no mere cobbling together of anthology favourites from a much anthologized period. There are many good poems here, and many others which qualify as interesting specimens. But the overall effect is tendentious.

One can justify, on grounds of space, the decision to exclude those

whose major reputations had already been made by 1941. (Edith Sitwell, after all, wrote some of the best dispatches from the home front.) Since this axe spares us Roy Fuller, Dylan Thomas, George Barker, and David Gascoyne, no great distortion has been done. One can also justify the presence of a few "Apocalyptic" poets on the grounds of historical accuracy. The editor is at pains to keep his distance from T. S. Eliot, Studds and Fraser in their wilder moods. But his principles are not mere aberrations, any more than Auden's were. One is continually forced back to his opening remarks.

Is it a preference for "love of place" over "wilful pedagogy" that includes Mervyn Peake and excludes Norman Cameron; or that prefers Bernard Spencer's picture-postcard "On a Carved Axle Piece from a Sicilian Cart" to "Frontier" and "Behaviour of Money"; or Bernard Gutteridge's "Tananarive" to "Enemy Dead"? The two Durrell poems here ("Phileremo" and "This Unimportant Morning") are conventional, as is the choice from Keyes, Lewis and Douglas. Henry Reed's "Lessons of War" are there, of course; but the only other work by this neglected writer is that minor prettiness "The Wall", where some-

thing from "The Death" have been apter as well as better. For a man who professes a technique to content (and to avoid) "of English poetry", Mr. Skelton is prepared to give much room to technically unadorned and sometimes downright inept stuff. One of the overstatements given by this book is the Forties saw the total of the metre; between loose Eliotic laboured brevities there was a truly little fertile ground. First, we have Ruthven Todd's "Personal History":

O my heart is the unlucky bird
That might almost be described as
A bird.

And my body is unwillingly
Of my ancestors.
For the second Kathleen
"Woman to Lover":

I am fire
Still to water,
A wave
Lifting from the abyss.

The body, Mr. Skelton only returned to English poetry a decade. From this anthology might think that the ear had and the mind packed its own part. Fortunately the truth is that; or than this anthology

LITERATURE

Pop theatre of Indonesia

IAN L. PEACOCK: *Rites of Modernization*. 306pp. University of Chicago Press. £4 19s.

The American genius for scientific technological coordination will doubt soon land men on the moon; but, one wonders, will any of the modern western dramatic tradition, be it represented by Galsworthy or Pinter. It is hard to describe, in fact, in western terms; but in many ways it does resemble a combination of Elizabethan drama as it evolved away from the medieval miracle play with the sort of thing one sees on Sunday Night at the London Palladium. As in the Elizabethan drama, *Ludruk* has all its women parts played by men (Mr. Peacock uses the perhaps unfortunate term transvestite); as in the modern western variety theatre, *Ludruk* consists of a series of turns or acts arranged in a highly standardized pattern.

The great fascination of Mr. Peacock's work lies in the detailed analysis which he makes of these various acts, comic turns, dance routines, "pop" songs, skits and serio-comic melodrama. For instance, he gives us actual examples of the sort of crack that will send them rolling in the aisles in Surabaya, the Javanese equivalent of "Bill, who was that lady I saw you with last night?" "Jack, she's no lady, she's my wife!" Here are a pair of *Ludruk* comics:

A asks B: "How many turns between here and Gresik [a city near Surabaya]?" B: "Seventy-five." A: "Wrong!" B: "How many?" A: "Two." B [in disbelief]: "Two?" A: "Yeah, left and right!"

The present reviewer, incidentally, tried this one out on his seven-year-old son, who was greatly diverted by it. After comedy of this sort, followed by other turns, songs (sung by "transvestites") and dances (also done by transvestites), comes the heart of the *Ludruk* performance, the drama. The plays are carefully directed and planned; but they are never fully scripted, so the dialogue is the result of improvisation by the actors and varies from performance to performance, often in response to the nature and the mood of the audience.

If the dialogue varies, however, the plots do not; and Mr. Peacock, in what is possibly the most intriguing chapter in this remarkable book, analyses these plots in terms of the social outlook and aspirations of the audience. He finds, essentially, that there are two categories of plot in *Ludruk*, what he calls M-plots and T-plots. Basically, as in so much western drama, these plots are concerned with the relationship between the elite and the masses, between what Mr. Peacock calls the elite, i.e., the successors to the old Javanese aristocracy, and the people. In an M-plot a proletarian girl can marry an elite man and get away with it; in a T-plot the odds are that such a relationship will not turn out well. There are many elements to both plot categories; but they all serve to emphasize the two views of class relationship.

It would indeed be a pity, if *Rites of Modernization* were a book of drama. *Ludruk*, which is a drama among the poorer classes in Indonesia; and it should have a general appeal to those interested in how drama has evolved from its origins to its vehicle for social entertainment. *Ludruk*, as Mr. Peacock studied it in Surabaya, a great port city of East Java—is a form which certainly has a relationship to the old Javanese puppet theatre, the *wayang kulit* (leather puppets), and its content has moved from the world of Hindu-Javanese mythology to the contemporary world in which the citizens of Surabaya live.

It is, however, quite different from the modern western dramatic tradition, be it represented by Galsworthy or Pinter. It is hard to describe, in fact, in western terms; but in many ways it does resemble a combination of Elizabethan drama as it evolved away from the medieval miracle play with the sort of thing one sees on Sunday Night at the London Palladium. As in the Elizabethan drama, *Ludruk* has all its women parts played by men (Mr. Peacock uses the perhaps unfortunate term transvestite); as in the modern western variety theatre, *Ludruk* consists of a series of turns or acts arranged in a highly standardized pattern.

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It is only a few pages from the end that Professor Fowle lets on what the book might have been like if everyone will wish he had written instead of this one: he declares that "the religious problem has shown an ascendancy over all other problems throughout the history of French letters." He himself seems to write as a Catholic and to find too much room in his heart at times for writers or critics, such as Albert Béguin or Jean Anouilh, whose faith has helped them to jump the queue. But this hardly matters; what is sad is that less wariness about his convictions could have led Professor Fowle to produce a more plausible and more personal book than this one and to take the writers who stood to him

them to eastern and not western tradition; of which a needlessly alarmist view of Michel Foucault, who has not maintained that man is such as on the way out, only man as the subject of knowledge, he takes I. M. G. Le Clézio much more earnestly than that intellectual gamesman wants to be taken and brings *Climate of Violence* to a geometrical conclusion by relating him sketchily to Baudelaire with whom he began.

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Best wishes to Eric Partridge on his 75th birthday from his publishers

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Pease porridge hot, pease porridge cold

ARNFRID ASTEL: *Notstand*. 119pp. Wuppertal: Peter Hammer. DM 8. HANS PETER KELLER: *Panoptikum aus dem Angemerkten*. 65pp. Wiesbaden: Limes. DM 6. PETER LEHNER: *ein bisschen nies im kredits*. 50pp. Steinhilber: Anabas. DM 8.40. ROLF DIETER BRINKMANN: *Die Piloten*. 114pp. Klepeneur & Witsch. DM 12. HEINER BASILIAN: *Beobachtungen im Luftmeer*. 60pp. Munich: Carl Hanser. DM 9.80. WALTER RICHTER-RÜHLAND: *Eine Reise, ein Tag, eine Rose*. 78pp. Wiesbaden: Limes. DM 8.50. VOLKER VON TORNE: *Wolfspeitz*. 69pp. Berlin: Klaus Wagenbach. DM 5.80. FRITZ VON OPEL: *Zwischen Schatten und Licht*. 63pp. Wiesbaden: Limes. DM 7.50.

Eight collections by little-known poets, one of the best being a professional engineer. They are a mixed bag in every sense, variously inspired by Pop Art, Papi Brecht, Uncle Sam, and Mother Nature. But half of them are good in their very different ways.

Arnfrid Astel has hitherto been known chiefly as founder-editor of the excellent poetry magazine *Lyrische Hefte*. Like so many other interesting young poets, he made his debut in Peter Hammer's anthology *ausgewählte* (1966), which included some of the poems in this first collection. *Notstand* is a book of mostly satirical epigrams; many of them are very good indeed. Mostly of three, four, or five lines, though a few are longer, they are worthy successors to Brecht's *Buckower Elegien*. The Japanese-style three and five-line

poems at once put the reader in mind of Brecht, as do the technique and style. If *Notstand* tends to become somewhat monotonous when read straight through, Astel is wise to stick to what he can do very well. His epigrams are certainly far more striking than the no less satirical grotesques in Peter Lehner's new collection (his sixth since 1955), *ein bisschen nies im kredits*, or the epigrammatic "fragments" of Hans Peter Keller's *Panoptikum aus dem Angemerkten* (his sixth collection since 1958).

Peter Lehner is probably best known as co-editor of the Swiss anthology *ensemble* (1958); most of his previous collections have also come from small presses. His new book is attractively produced, with four gouaches by Irene Thiele-Peschel, but what it contains is much more "Wort Sport" (the subtitle) than poetry. The author appears unable to leave well alone, is apparently too determined to be clever, so that while several poems have the making of effective epigrams, they suffer both from a sort of verbal clowning, and from not stopping in time. The result is that what is intended as satire too often reads as mere sarcasm.

The prefatory note in Rolf Dieter Brinkmann's *Die Piloten*, for all its echoes of Bann and Brecht, is most refreshing; his attack on the formalism and wilful obscurity of much contemporary German lyric poetry is fully justified. He himself now seeks to produce "public poetry" (and not public poetry, as the gaudy Pop cover of his book suggests). His second collection, *Die Piloten*, is clearly in part a reaction against his first, rather weak one, *was fraglich ist*

wofür. The dedication to Frank O'Hara suggests that he has recently discovered the New York School of Poetry; but *Die Piloten* with its use of the comic strip (and the comic strippers on the cover) also reflects the current Pop Art craze in Germany. These new poems are described as snapshots of the here-and-now, which is fine in theory. In practice they are rather disappointing; which Brecht did so much better in poems like "Entdeckung an einer jungen Frau". The whole ambience of these poems is an updated version of the early Brecht's mythical America: once again German poetry repeats itself. Brinkmann's facetiousness and his eye for significant detail were far more successfully employed in his latest novel, *Keiner weiss mehr*.

Heiner Basilian was one of the poets who read their work at the October, 1967, meeting of *Gruppe 47*. He recently spent some time in San Francisco, translating Allen Ginsberg, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, and some of the younger American poets; a selection of his translations appeared in the periodical *Akzente* (no. 4, 1968). *Beobachtungen im Luftmeer* shows that he has learnt from the William Carlos Williams school of American poetry, apparently via Hans Magnus Enzensberger's *blindenschrift* (1964) and translations of Williams. If this is the case, he has learnt to some purpose, for this is a highly accomplished first volume by a poet who is still only twenty-six. His subject too is everyday reality, but—unlike Brinkmann, whose snapshots for the most part remain pre-poetic material—thanks to his clarity of vision, his logic and

self-discipline, and his eye for striking images, he has produced a book of remarkably even and rewarding poems. He makes the reader work hard to share his discoveries, but the effort is well worth while. *Beobachtungen im Luftmeer* is one of the best first collections to appear in 1968.

Walter Richter-Rühlund's first collection contains poetry of a not dissimilar sort, except that his chosen mentors appear to be Günter Eich and Johannes Bobrowski. In referring to his "lyrische Steuergänge"—the term applied to August Stramm's poems by Herwarth Walden—his publishers are implicitly asking for his work to be judged by the highest standards. *Eine Reise, ein Tag, eine Rose* is a good example of contemporary German poetry, for if one's first reaction is to admire the highly competent, neo-imagistic technique of these poems (German first collections tend to be technically competent), it is not long before one begins to realize that the images do not in fact convey very much—they tend to remain what Kafka called (mere) "Konstruktionen". In short, one wonders whether the poet really has much to say, and whether, if he finds more to say, he will be able to say it in this form. But even if he seems to have his priorities wrong and to be suffering from formalism, this is still a better-than-average first collection.

Very different is *Wolfspeitz*, Volker von Torne's fourth collection since 1962, which contains many forms of poem (ballad, *Motet*, ode, &c.), all of which have the same satirical aim. Which brings us back to Brecht—compare the programmatic "Gegen Verführung". The collection is

'A broken hair-comb turned up'
said Henry James of New York's skyline in 1904 after 21 years' absence

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To outdo the Habsburgs

JOHN B. WOLF: *Louis XIV.* 697pp. Gallancz. £4 4s.

This large, new biography of Louis XIV has unexpected resemblances to modern "official biographies" of less important monarchs. Professor Wolf has chosen to write a narrative biography of *le roi soleil*, placing his emphasis on those affairs of diplomacy and war which undoubtedly loomed largest in Louis's own mind. This is a perfectly defensible approach to the difficult task of compressing more than half a century of activity, whose repercussions were felt over most of the world, within a single volume. As a serious, scholarly account of Louis's reign the result is more than acceptable. Professor Wolf knows his sources well and is not led astray by popular misconceptions or the malice of contemporary memorialists. But in spite of these considerable merits it cannot be said that this is a particularly exciting book, and at times it is positively dull. The author's prose style is generally unexceptionable, but also lacking in contrast, and tends to become cloyed when he has to squeeze complicated events into relatively small spaces. The most important criticism of the book, however, is that it is neither sufficiently detailed nor sufficiently selective.

Historians of this period are still largely dependent, for the narrative of events, on the monumental works of nineteenth-century scholars. While ponderous and often untrustworthy, these have the great merit of being complete. Professor Wolf does not have the space for this, and therefore his summaries of campaigns and negotiations are too brief to be anything but a catalogue of well-known events. Yet they fill page after page of his biography—there is a great deal to catalogue in a reign of 72 years. This is textbook stuff and would become interesting only if it were made the basis for a massive work to challenge Chérel and Lavisse on their own ground. On the other hand, an analytical study which concentrated on the machinery of Louis's government and its relationship to his personal conception of his role could escape from the narrative strait-

jacket, and hope to produce some interesting and cogent conclusions.

It is regrettable that Professor Wolf did not choose this second course, because *Louis XIV* does contain the dispersed fragments of an analysis along these lines. He presents a picture of Louis as far more open to influence from his ministers than some have claimed, and makes out a good case for considering him more self-critical than is generally believed. He also undertakes, with some success, the rehabilitation of Louis's military reputation and provides some interesting information about his relations with the commanders in the field. The picture of Louis as a king who relied on advice from the experts, even though he kept the final decisions in his own hands, is very convincing, and it is salutary to be reminded that seventeenth-century experts were at least as fallible as modern ones. But for all its good sense and moderation, this portrait of Louis seems to lack some vital dimensions: there is no sustained discussion of the nature of the reign, even when the end of the long story is finally reached—the book ends abruptly with the death of Louis. Professor Wolf, in reaction against the anachronistic imposition of twentieth-century values on earlier periods, is perhaps too ready to explain Louis's attitudes by "the mythology of his period" without ever undertaking a proper investigation of that mythology.

As this biography makes very clear, Louis was the pupil of Mazarin, and in many ways his reign needs to be evaluated alongside the achievements of the two great cardinal-ministers who had preceded him. Both had been above all diplomats, their first preoccupation being to give France the leading position in Europe at the expense of the Habsburgs. It was this obsession which Mazarin passed on to Louis, and it was to cost France very dear. For after 1659 France was unquestionably the greatest power in Europe, and this position called for a new diplomatic posture. Louis's errors up to about 1680 are excusable, but he never really learnt from them, and eventually succeeded in uniting Europe against him. Professor Wolf argues that Louis had reasons for invading the Netherlands

as good as any that had existed for the Thirty Years' War, but this is surely untenable. If any single lesson was clear from the history of the previous century, it was the folly of uniting the whole of Europe in opposition to one's policies as the Habsburgs had done to their ruin. Richelieu and Mazarin had feared the Spanish presence in the Netherlands because it threatened France both internally and externally, and their foreign policy was directed against the factiousness of overmighty subjects as much as against the threat of foreign aggression. The situation had altered fundamentally after 1601, and Louis never adapted to it, with the result that France reached the end of his reign exhausted, defeated and impoverished—and heartily sick of him.

Louis's decision to do without a first minister was responsible for many difficulties, and it is reasonable to place this failure in foreign policy among them. Both the great Cardinals had come into power from outside the immediate court circle and had brought with them an intelligent and independent approach to the problems of the day. Louis might not have found another man of this kind—but he never attempted to, and himself lacked both the intelligence and the incentive to undertake a reappraisal of this nature. The absence of a first minister also created grave difficulties in finding a governmental *équipe*. The Cardinals had brought in their personal followers, their *écrouelles*: men who had shown their loyalty under less easy circumstances. The King could not have any such entourage to recruit from, and the results were seen all too plainly in Louis's later years. The reign began with a splendid group of ministers, the direct legacy of Mazarin; as the years passed, so their sons and grandsons succeeded them and the quality dropped steadily. By 1690 the King was left to bear most of the burden alone—and was foolish enough to think that he could do so. It is also probable that the absence of a first minister meant that the King's own view prevailed more often than would otherwise have been the case: the temptation to follow his known opinions must have been very strong at the council table, with its atmosphere of mutual suspicion.

One of the greatest weaknesses of Professor Wolf's *Louis XIV* is its failure to distinguish between the early and later periods of the reign. There is no attempt to discuss the Chamillart or Louvois periods, indeed the latter is only mentioned in passing. Similarly, the decline of the court goes unrecognized: the talents of the early years were and their successors were freer air of the Paris. By the end of the reign the King was quite a different man, with the movement of taste, and apparently entirely unaware of it. Wolf does not really discuss the implications of Versailles, nor pay sufficient attention to the suppression of provincial trade and commerce and very lightly, while the *capitales* is not mentioned at all, he misunderstands the famous aphorism of Saint-Simon: "le fait est que la ville bourgeoise"—who would have been in the least impressed by the fact that the ministers and tradespeople that were not in Versailles were not in Versailles.

Ultimately Professor Wolf is successful in defending Louis as a man, but not as a king. He makes a good case for thinking that egotistical and self-satisfied legend would have it, and the difficulty in exposing the truth of many of his contemporaries. But his policies emerge as they can be represented as able, but not as particularly successful or in the least original. In many ways Louis was most successful in internal affairs, securing a position of a very young king who died before this second reign was published. Here Radiguet's comparison of Louis with Turgenev's Rudin (1924) seems apt. Violet Schiff's "adroit translation" (1925, August 1, 1952) was first published by the Harvill Press in 1952.

JOHN MACINNES: *Visions of London*. 626pp. MacGibbon and Kee. £3 15s.

Macinnes' edition of the following notes:

City of Spades: "... a first-rate novel, exciting, entertaining and moving. People and places observed with sharpness and accuracy." (T.L.S., September 20, 1952).

Abolish Beggers: "Sarcastic, facetious, with a rambling, episodic plot and a sentimental narrator who is much concerned with the fate of the young as against the old." (T.L.S., September 4, 1952).

Mr. Love and Justice: "An elaborate schematic plot, whose characters are mainly pegs on which to hang accounts of their lives." "He lays on the compassion and hope and a knowledge." (T.L.S., June 1952).

Following the whole trilogy on the theme of the "problem of the how to write" as "neither sex symphony nor musicals" is a collection of the popular and the popular. Mainly journalistic information was gathered for the true novelist's "regulation" as a serious writer because of his "impure" matter, new "no" and "different" style.

The volume is introduced by Wyndham, who emphasizes that it is a romantic rather than a realistic view of the change of the 1930s; a point also made by the title. It is designed for

Sans everything

SUSAN HILL: *Gentleman and Ladies*. 255pp. Hamish Hamilton. 30s.

Miss Hill assembles a group of unhappy old people, and in the meticulous account she gives of their empty, bitter days, offers warning that to guard against old age involves more than one kind of nest egg. A dissatisfied youth produces little in the way of nourishing memories, and relationships built on indifference or habit will disintegrate when unchallenged by the distractions of a busy life. Her characters are isolated from the world, from each other and from youth, particularly their own—and besides they are *ladies*, which affords minor consolations, but rules out a multitude of possibilities. They are not lonely, but their circle has been reduced by deaths; occasions less for grief than for a self-deluding sense of being left with second-best. Violent feelings ripen in each lady—guilt, envy, hypochondria, obsessional meanness—to burst shamefully in public view. When her sister escapes her into a stroke and the liberation of paralysis, Isabel extends her hatred to what's left of her acquaintance with such ferocity that she dies in mid-haranguer of something very like spontaneous combustion.

All this is daunting, and it is not satisfactorily countered by the two characters in the novel who are seen to enjoy their last years a little more.

ROMAN DENNY: *Friday or The Other Island*. Translated by Norman Denny. 224pp. Collins. 25s.

French title: *Vendredi ou Les Limbes du Pacifique*. The Crusoe story is ingeniously updated, in line with a Parisian thinking in philosophy, psychology and anthropology. M. Tournerie describes the Robinson Crusoe relationship between Robinson and his environment imaginatively and even poetically at times. (T.L.S., July 27, 1967).

ROMAN DENNY's translation is accurate and admirable as one might expect.

M. G. LE CLÉZIO: *Terra Amata*. Translated by Barbara Bray. 335pp. Hamish Hamilton. 35s.

A French title has not been translated. A fluent, often playful, serious and Le Clézio's mysticism of the title, though "Terra Amata" seems to be a little more than a title. We must all live more imaginatively. (T.L.S., November 9, 1967).

BARBARA BRAY has copied splendidly with a difficult text, including pages written in a private language.

ANDRÉ RADIGUET: *Count of Monte-Cristo*. Translated by Violet Schiff. Preface by Jean Cocteau. 344pp. Calder and Boyars. 30s.

Original (1924) French title: *Le Comte de Monte-Cristo*. "An inquiry into the suspected inroads of a great nation by a very young man who died before this second edition was published. Here Radiguet compares the formidable conspiracy with Turgenev's Rudin (1924)." (T.L.S., August 1, 1952) was first published by the Harvill Press in 1952.

Mrs. Dilly, the central figure of Josephine Powell's perceptive novel *The Lilywhite Boys*, is the epitome of such gifted, busy women. "And do you advocate their sainthood?" asks her old father of Anna, the new middle-aged spinster secretary. He then goes on to tell Anna that "the touch of Midas was death though it was golden". For the point about Mrs. Dilly and the problem of the novel is that people who spend light and happiness for their own sake and most important relationships and responsibilities.

Mrs. Dilly's genial, somewhat effete husband, Clarence, feels so left out of his wife's field of concern because he isn't an unmarried mother or a

Eleanor Thorne is nearly ninety and a burden to a sixty-year-old daughter, who guiltily pretends she's senile and dispatches her to a home for the weak-minded. Eleanor has a good deal more to live for than her daughter, though. For one thing she's still able to make friends. For another, she spends her waking hours reliving in novelistic style a girlhood of glittering balls and loaded encounters, enacted by happy chance in the very house she's so cruelly dismissed to.

Hubert Gaily, the gentleman of the title, is a railway official, whose future looks bleak, a continuation of his present rather than a decline from it. The suitable and loveless marriage he embarks on promises to be very like the life he's led with a companionable mother, but at least he's able to redefine himself, improbably and late, as a wooer, as a man with real plans and choices to make. Those who are young sometimes fear old age for what it may confirm about the failures and waste of their youth. Miss Hill would have conveyed this fear and provoked the reader's sympathy if she had created characters she cared for enough to confront as people at the end of lives which had included youth and even periods of relative happiness and achievement. Even the clipped, unnatural way in which these ladies speak suggests not an older, more leached generation, but a sub-species, marked out at birth for disappointment and withered forms and feelings.

But if the narrator clings, a little desperately, to this sort of language in presenting his experience, the reader, alerted by its inflationary quality, quickly senses romantic self-deception. Something of the sort is seen to be at work too in his assessment of those nearest him. A quick sketch of his wife ("Anne était quel'un de simple. Elle avait épousé mon iniquité, par docilité") comes a little too pat. And of Martin, "l'ami", this early remark: "On eût dit qu'il se nourrissait d'une tentation confuse. Seul en face de moi-même, je ne parvenais à cerner cet aspect singulier de mon être dont la présence de Martin me révélait l'indiscutable réalité", suggests the effects on his judgment of delusions of grandeur. The novel as a whole brings, as well as these, the narrator's (partial) and the reader's (rather greater) discovery of the "real" state of affairs.

But M. Gay-Lussac does not ponder to our readers' vanity. His narrator is intelligent and highly articulate; if the shape he puts on events is mani-

trous case that he undertakes an improbable affair in order to force her off her pedestal—but even that fails since she magnanimously forgives him and comprehends not a whit. And her sons—Robin, aged eleven, and Jeremy, ten, the lilywhite boys of the title—elevate their marvellous, untouchable mother to the status of a goddess. Mrs. Dilly is admirable, she is good, she is charming, but she sucks her nearest dry.

This Mrs. Dilly is a superbly real, dominant creation, matched in accuracy of portrayal by Anna, the well-meaning amanuensis who begins to perceive what is happening to the neglected children. The bucolic supporting staff are right, too, even if names like Mrs. Joybells make their point a little obviously. It is even possible to accept the few boys whose intense yearnings and almost Jamesian cunning fit naturally in the heavy atmosphere of a hot, expectant country summer. The feel of the writing is stylized—the Dilly household speak with a directness and precision reminiscent of one of Ivy Compton-Burnett's—and the country setting is so rural as to seem prewar. In their context these features are appropriate and create the quite remarkable, sinister yet credible mood of this promising novel.

WILLIAM GARNER: *The Us or Them War*. 288pp. Collins. 25s.

What shall be done to the nation that disturbs the Russia-United States *par atomica* by inventing the next weapon? In William Garner's long and exciting new thriller the culprits are US, and all holds are barred only by a veneer of courtesy. One may have two camps: to shift locale and personnel with each chapter is to achieve wide-angle vision at the cost of losing sympathetic tension; and footnote, in thrillers should have ended, as they began, with Len Deighton.

H. R. F. KEATINGE: *Inspector Ghote Plays a Joker*. 224pp. Collins. 21s.

Inspector Ghote is back in Bombay, and just as well, since the major merit of these books, for European readers

Sign language

BRUNO GAY-LUSSAC: *L'Ami*. 184pp. Paris: Gallimard. 10fr.

The middle-aged teacher and *père de famille* who is the narrator of *L'Ami* has been sustained through a conventional career by a growing conviction of personal uniqueness. Unable to visualize what form this is to take, he has organized his life round the expectation of a sign. Finding himself haunted by a shadowy figure, he decides that this is his sign, contrives to meet her and, diagnosing in her a strangeness complementary to his own, sets about the working out of his destiny. Family and previously indispensable friend seem now stale and powerless; nothing matters but the steps towards this mysterious and enormous destiny.

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trous case that he undertakes an improbable affair in order to force her off her pedestal—but even that fails since she magnanimously forgives him and comprehends not a whit. And her sons—Robin, aged eleven, and Jeremy, ten, the lilywhite boys of the title—elevate their marvellous, untouchable mother to the status of a goddess. Mrs. Dilly is admirable, she is good, she is charming, but she sucks her nearest dry.

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not very good: in this one, for instance, we never learn why turned the practical joker murderer's motivation is really insufficient and not sufficiently widely applicable. It is surprising that Mr. Keatinge uses "different than".

REX STOUT: *The Father Hunt*. 191pp. Collins. 21s.

The most pregnant news from Rex Stout's new book is that Archie's pursuit of Lily Rowan proceeds unrelentingly if at a snail's pace. For the rest, this story of finding a rather unengaging girl's father seems to weigh as stodgily in the author's creative maw as it does on the reader. So good a master may fairly be allowed an occasional dull book, but may be respectfully hint that the Craner/Wolfe relationship is becom-

festly wrong, we do not simply step in and put it right. The question which thrusts itself at us is: who is playing what part in whose plot? First the girl Irene, then Martin is seen to be the prime mover; and it is with Martin that power seems in the end to rest. And this is where the central subtlety of the novel lies. Finding the narrator unreliable, we are edged into closer interrogation of the others, and above all of Martin. The more the narrator fails to characterize him clearly, the more we need to know him; the more the narrator assimilates him to his own nature, the more we are impelled to differentiate him. Thus, even though Martin is given as existing in an almost symbiotic relationship with the narrator and Anne—he has achieved a total, if largely unspoken, understanding with the narrator, is lover to Anne and constant companion to both—we read his forestalling of change as *external* action. By making love to Anne he preserves her desirability, by subsequently making love to Irene he neutralizes her. Because of this, the narrator's pursuit of Irene comes to resemble less a serious quest than a twenty-one-year itch: his wayward desire for change to seem cheap against the permanence of marriage.

It is, then, at the point at which the narrator's account, for all its literate quality, dips into banality that M. Gay-Lussac's strength shows. Just as we find ourselves asking: why does Martin not take over now? we see that it is the wrong question. By way of a notion lying somewhere between alter ego and super ego we catch, with surprise and excitement, at what might be the right question: the whole direction of the novel hangs on the answer.

The scope of M. Gay-Lussac's novel is restricted, and a number of minor elements remain unresolved (the references to the *livre*, for instance, far uncomfortably), but he is a formidably talented writer.

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Secrets of the bedchamber

SANCRE DE GRAMONT: *Epitaph for Kings*. 457pp. Hamish Hamilton. £2 10s.

There is a sort of devastation area of literary convention, within which the lives of certain types of human being are intrinsically important to themselves. But while the details of the lives of artists, writers and politicians are endowed with some cultural significance, the lives of royal personages are usually thought to be sufficiently portentous in themselves and the study of these details does not seem to require any justification. It is assumed that within every reader there is a voyeur who will not tire of seeing the kings and queens undress. "Whatever time your Majesty desires". In passages on the boredom of court life, on the relentless pursuit of amusement, and on cultivation of cynicism ("How fortunate you are to bear the name of a man who can no longer make a fool of himself"), said a courtier to a young widow, we can see the author suggesting that the whole ritual of the court has become meaningless. The monarchy of Louis XIV, enacted by Louis XVI, was doomed to failure.

Yet however much the author may have sought to write a serious account of the monarchy during the Ancien Régime, he gives the impression that he is primarily interested in gossip. It is true that he warns us against those writers who seek to interpret history, say, in terms of the whims of Madame de Pompadour, and who were present; it is true too that the names of historians such as Goubert, Töpfer, Rude, Labrousse, Leffevre, and Monod, justify in the curiously contrived, bibliographic, and

Anloinette, as though by indulging her whims he was atoning for his inadequacies.

Naturally there is a certain entertainment value in this sort of history, and *Epitaph for Kings* as a whole is packed full of anecdotes and quotations, held together by a vigorous and raucy style. It is interesting, for example, to see that the author awards first prize for flattery to the duc d'Antin, who placed wedges under the statues at Versailles in order that Louis XIV would notice that they were awry and d'Antin would then have the opportunity to praise his perceptiveness. Only third prize is given to the unnamed courtier who, when asked the time, replied: "Whatever time your Majesty desires". In passages on the boredom of court life, on the relentless pursuit of amusement, and on cultivation of cynicism ("How fortunate you are to bear the name of a man who can no longer make a fool of himself"), said a courtier to a young widow, we can see the author suggesting that the whole ritual of the court has become meaningless. The monarchy of Louis XIV, enacted by Louis XVI, was doomed to failure.

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notes) with the names of more popular writers and with the well-known sources of anecdote. But, in general terms, *Epitaph for Kings* is neither illuminating nor original. The gossip is reproduced for its own sake and the author does not seem to have thought much about many of the concepts that he uses, such as "popularity". He allows himself to be diverted into areas which are not strictly relevant to his subject, either because they are picturesque (such as

the plague at Marseilles) or because they are vaguely improper (the story of the Chevalier de Miroir, who was executed for having doctored a number of wills). There are a number of other errors. Do not come off ("If the French caught a chill the rest of the world shivered"), and some of the dates tend to fall flat, as when the author tells us that Louis XIV was only twelve when he died. The book is a tedious, lumbered over the roof-top cursive at Saint-Germain-en-Laye join a lady.

Petite chronique franco-anglaise

avion (avi), m. Avion: F. plane. A. monoplace, biplace, single-seater, two-seater (monoplane, A. de chasse, fighter. A. de bombardement, bomber. A. de reconnaissance, scout plane. A. torpilleur, torpedo plane. A. torpilleur-carrier, torpedo-carrier. A. de transport, transport aircraft. A. de chasse de interception, interceptor fighter. A. transbord, air-ferret. A. de réapprovisionnement, gunner-spotter. Place contre, STRATOSPHERIQUE. A. d'essai, air sickness. A. de ligne, airliner. A. de transport, commercial, commercial aircraft. "Par a." "by air-mail." J'ai fait une partie de l'air en a. I flew part of the way. avion-cargo (avions cargo), m. Air-freighter. pl. Des avions-cargos. avion-éclat (avions éclat), m. Ar. Mi. Drone. pl. Des avions-éclat. avion-fusée (avions fusée), m. Rocket plane. pl. Des avions-fusées. avion-torpilleur (avions torpilleur), m. Torpedo plane. pl. Des avions-torpilleurs. avion-taxi (avions taxi), m. Charter plane. pl. Des avions-taxis.

Harrop's New Shorter French & English Dictionary (in syllable)

FABER & FABER

named Skinner" one of those, incidentally, which have been done on television music-hall with instrumental substitution for the first line. It has suffered, as so often, an alteration from a "quarter to nine" to "half past nine" simply in the interest of speeding Skinner up, at the expense of both rigour of metre and aptness of apposition. Nor can minor solecisms like the complaint of the "young lady of Padua" who had only been paid a "peso", or the rhyming of "Turkey" with "day", really be countenanced. A few other ships: a transposition between east and west on page 34; on page 58 a slightly awkward "There once was an old man of Time", which does not take the scansion as well as the conventional "There was a young fellow . . ." or "There was an old fellow . . ." an Anglo-French version of "the young plumber of Leigh" which has him coming from Pau, rhyming this with "bois" and "moi" he must surely have come from Béziers, or some such town; and on page 74 it is surely barrels of pork rather than port that are going to Boston?

Mr. De Witt's much less elaborate (and modestly asterisk-ridden) collection, *There was a Young Lady* . . . has some extraordinary lapses even of basic scansion and of spelling, at least in the Latin. On the other hand, it gives us the fellow of King's almost unblemished as well as a Bings—here unaccountably "Bings" version; it rightly attributes the "vice that is foul and unsavoury" to the Master of Balliol and not, as Mr. Baring-Gould does, to an anomalous "Bishop of Wessex"; and it gives us an excellent variation of the Young Man called Macleod so promisingly finally so anti-climactic—as a Young Fellow of Bude. The Young Man of Australia, too, is far closer to its optimum than in the Baring-Gould collection. So, in spite of its many and equivalent faults (and, for example, neither collection has more than the crudest combination of the Young Girl of the Cape—moved here in part to Dundee), this is better value as a five shilling paperback than its competitor is for five times that

amount, unless you have a college table, and no Mabel. Another collection, *The Bingham Book of Limericks*, is now obtainable with a vast mass of old-fashioned pornography such as *The Poem* in the ordinary paperback racks in America. Its versions, too, sometimes conflict with Mr. Baring-Gould's, on the whole for the better, though it makes no pretence to be a critical edition. As for *The Poem*, its prose is reasonably imaginative and poetic, but the limericks, of which there are a fair number, are almost uniformly tedious, having no virtues but the inadequate one of form alone. This is not the case with the various ballads and other metres which are also given. Taken in conjunction with the similar lapses in the three other books under discussion, it does seem to imply that a taste exists simply for the formal structure, the fact of rhythm and scansion being able to provide enough of the element of wit for a large number of hearers. This is a surprising conclusion (to which a faint parallel may be seen in the rhymical epigrams to be found in provincial newspapers), and one worth taking into account in any sociology of aesthetics.

But perhaps the low quality of many of the versions given here is after all the result merely of accident. They seem, often, to have entered the written literature in debased form in the first place, and have been perpetuated by a scholarship insufficiently attentive to oral research. The identity of the version of a number of cases in these books implies derivation from the same earlier printed source, to which Mr. Baring-Gould's bibliography refers. And it is, incidentally, worth making the point that Norman Douglas's much touted selection is not of very high quality (and that his celebrated footnotes are in the most tedious style of mock-erudition).

"Wherever there's an art," a writer remarked testily the other day, "there's a talentless but trendy creep who has missed out on the barbarian invasion of the other artistic territories, waiting to carve out a barren

field, like the Suet in Galicia". He had just returned from an admittedly hoopy science-fiction convention marked by the enthusiastic intervention of people uninterested in the genre itself, but keen on new limerick for the non-artists. The limerick has long been defended from this by its almost invariable "obscenity", which used to guarantee at least unprintability. But this has now gone. Here we have books of the basest kind calmly printed on white paper with sharp type. Does this mean that the last Asiatia of untidiness is lost? Fortunately there are good reasons for thinking not. Not only is it true that if you "free" the limerick it is no longer a limerick, but it also seems intrinsically to resist trefendification. Try writing "There was a Young Fellow from Brooklyn", and with the best will in the world it will bounce

him back, pretensions and all, up his own exit. For in our present condition, when obscenity is presented to us in solemn "perhaps it would be appropriate to say "po-faced"—guise, as having a significance and relevance comparable to the work of the great philosophers, the limerick may stand for that deep, often underestimated, element of good literature and good sense which resists trends—upon which indeed, the trends are merely the phosphorescence, not always unputrid, on an old and deep ocean.

A year or two ago a sociologist read out passages of *Exkimo Nell* to a conference in Scotland, and maintained that it was an expression of self-indulgent fantasy and phallic sadism. But, of course, it is something far more subtle—a skit or satire on these things, a piece of humane self-criticism. And Mr. John Calder, it is interesting to note, has similarly

attacked Mr. W. H. Auden's sacrilegious attitude to pornography. Auden, appropriately enough, expressed this in limerick, compounding the offence.

The Marquis de Sade and G. A. R. are most highly thought of. But torture and teacher. Are not my sort of limerick. So I've given my copies away. Yes, the limerick, barely wise, clearly has more in the human condition than be found in all the tedious obscenity of the hysterical priapists. Their it is true, will affect most nose-led and fastidious in their times have been followers, sheik-fans, and fodder, and are now pathetic market for the obscenity.

hand to hand, and care not to form gatherings of two or three men, which given rise to suspicion. In the body of the letter is an appendix or postscript, lines:

There are 88 of us, the anti-letter, in the internet operators' language the means "a complete total". Our bitter embrace for alas is no ludus kiss.

Thus the question arises: additions which according to were then prevailing in Mac could no fewer than eight- (of all people!) hummer out text of a letter of this sort intercepted by the KGB. In course, the K.G.B. was invading the letter?

This problem might be solved if instead of "authors" of the has "signatories to". However, again to Lord Bethell's introduction could the first eighty-eight who no more and no less eighty-eight people in all need to associate themselves with Lord Bethell explain why, in cult circumstances, the might have aimed from the magic number of eighty-eight been equally happy with signatory signatures?

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of October 7, 1901, to Fr. Allan MacDonald, quoted in our book, that he and his family had heard "from various sources that Miss Freer is not genuine and some call her a clever impostor". A complete reversal of Carmichael's original opinion. This point of view we found borne out by other unpublished evidence.

We would ask this: If Miss Freer's claim to be genuine, why is it that the S.P.R., in the allais of which she was so prominent between 1888 and 1897, has now no file on her? And why

three years after his death Herr Brecht was walking from the Huguenot Cemetery along Friedrichstrasse towards his very own theatre.

On the way he came upon one stout man two stout women one boy. What, he thought, these must surely be that hardworking lot from the Brecht Archives. What, he thought, are they still not done with all that rot?

And smiled with impudent modesty and was satisfied.

WOLF HERMANN Translated by Eva Hurreman

It is that the remarkable psychic experiences which she frequently claimed to have had are now no longer mentioned in the literature on the subject?

JOHN L. CAMPBELL, TRIPOD II, HALL, Isle of Canna, Scotland.

Our reviewer writes: "Until now the general public has remained blissfully ignorant of the names either of Miss Freer, or of Fr. MacDonald. If the author's sole aim was to substantiate the latter's reputation as a folklorist, the matter of why a sleight-of-hand were suddenly being a sleight-of-hand, could have been achieved more speedily and thoroughly by articles in specialist journals dealing with folklore."

The last paragraph of the authors' letter raises questions outside the scope of my review, which made no explicit judgment for or against the genuineness of Miss Freer's clairvoyance. In the matter of why a sleight-of-hand were suddenly being a sleight-of-hand, could have been achieved more speedily and thoroughly by articles in specialist journals dealing with folklore."

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The Lafayette syndrome

H. G. GELBER: *The Australian-American Alliance*, 160pp. Penguin, 5s. GORDON GREENWOOD and NORMAN HARPER (Editors): *Australia in World Affairs, 1961-1965*, 503pp. Melbourne: F. W. Cheshire, 58s.75.

Dr. Gelber subscribes to the Lafayette (or "good dog") syndrome—the somewhat Pavlovian notion that "Americans never forgot the help given to George Washington by the French under young Lafayette", and that their modern allies would do well to display comparable characteristics of helpfulness and unwavering loyalty if they wish to count on American military aid when the chips are down. If the validity of this major premise is accepted the rest of the analysis in *The Australian-American Alliance* should certainly prove acceptable too, for it flows logically from it. The author writes limpidly and on the whole sensibly of the developing military relationship of the United States and Australia, and, though events have overtaken his discussion in several important respects, it is a telling tribute to his perceptivity to notice how close to the mark many of his speculations about the immediate future have already turned out to be.

The question remains whether the major premise is valid. It is arguable that the modern history of Franco-American relations actually

disproves it: there is no sign that de Gaulle's flourish of military independence has jeopardized either the likelihood of American military support or American investment in France. The opposite proposition, that the United States will pay more attention to an ally who vigorously criticizes her and shows independence of spirit than one who subscribes unreservedly to the policy of "All the way with L.B.J." (or "We'll always stick to Tricky Dick"), is just as plausible.

But the hard truth is that in a nuclear showdown, or even something slightly less apocalyptic, Australian past performance will probably make no difference to American interpretation of American interest. If so, this ought at least to relieve the Australian Government of one embarrassing implication of the "Lafayette syndrome"—the necessity of disregarding moral considerations in backing American anti-communist missions at all cost. Despite loyal Australian participation in Vietnam, there is little evidence that the Australian alliance ranks, or is ever likely to rank, very high among American global commitments, in any case, and for this very reason Dr. Gelber is probably justified in spending more space on the Canberra than on the Washington end of the entente.

With that proviso his little book can be warmly recommended as a well-informed introduction to its subject. One may query points of

detail, such as the downright statement that neutrality would mean the end of Australian influence in Asia: it could mean the beginning of it as a non-imperialist power. One may feel disappointed that an historian's analysis of contemporary trends is not shot through with historical insights. (It would have been particularly useful to have been told something of the background to anti-American sentiment in Australia: does it derive largely from entrenched radical dislike of the world's richest capitalist power, or does the very similarity of American and Australians remarked on by the author breed dislike through envy in the latter?) Anyone misled by the title into thinking that the fascinating but difficult subject of the cultural relations of the two countries is investigated will also be disappointed. Dr. Gelber nevertheless opens up important new ground for closer academic inquiry and settlement hereafter.

That is not the object of *Australia in World Affairs, 1961-1965*, the latest survey of Australian foreign relations to be published by the Australian Institute of International Affairs, but Dr. Gelber could cite Professor Harper's and other contributions to it in support of his general interpretation of the Australian-American alliance. The period which is covered was certainly an interesting one for Australian diplomacy, though perhaps the veteran editors do exaggerate the change a little:

Whereas previously Australia had stood largely on the sidelines, encouraging and supporting the Western alliance and occasionally displaying an independent initiative in the United Nations and in Asian affairs, she now found herself an active participant in great events.

"Found herself" is probably an accurate verbal form for the situation, but one looks in vain for demonstration that Australia has really exercised much more "independent initiative" in these later years: the modest instances in the United Nations chronicled by Professor Sawyer hardly count. Significantly, in the case of the crisis closest to Australia—West Asian-Australian initiative meant little more than following erratic American initiative, irrespective of immediate Australian interest (and that of the natives concerned). It is also significant how completely the difference of opinion over the Suez crisis in 1956 had disappeared by the 1960s. "All else", Dr. Millar observes of the American alliance, "has subserved the maintenance of this link."

The greatly enhanced concentration on Asian affairs in this volume may all the same be justified in terms of the changing focus of Australian interests and the probable shape of things to come when Britain (and possibly even the United States) does eventually evacuate the area altogether. It is odd all the same to find a whole chapter devoted to something as nebulous as Australian policy to-

wards communist China, tackled by Dr. D. E. Kesteven. Australian relations with the Commonwealth get only a notice in other corners, and one is carefully reminded that Asians would certainly not do seem that they are not a serious effort to throw European-centred isolationism to see their country as an island of Asia, and the all too doubly essential if they are to survive.

To a sober understanding of this problem this anthology makes full contribution: like its predecessors it is a valuable reference. It must be said, however, not very lively. Yet what is more dramatic than the Australian political fortunes that have verged in these years with the spiritual British spasm of the ones like his predecessor who had been habitués of Australia in overseas British terms—Sydney Bourne being not much outlying Cinque ports? The interesting contribution of way, is also the most surprising review of the precipitate Australian diplomatic shift in 1955 by Sir Alan Watt, formerly of the Department of Affairs and therefore able with firsthand experience of foreign affairs



Corvo and Labour Politics

Henry Pelling

THE ASSOCIATIONS of "Baron Corvo" (Frederick Rolfe) with labour politics were temporary and local, but like many other associations, still today, they are not without a bizarre interest. As A. J. A. Symonds mentions in his introduction to the new edition of H. H. Champion's *Early Leader*, in November, 1891, when both of them were living in London, Symonds apparently realized the significance of Corvo's influence on Corvo, and of mutual sympathy that had been the two. Champion, an artillery lieutenant, had been his military career to be a socialist agitator and pub-

lisher, but his politics were highly unorthodox, and unlike most of the Socialists of the time he held views more akin to Tory Democracy than to Liberal Radicalism. Thus he was an advocate of tariff reform, which was anathema to the great bulk of the socialist movement.

Champion, the political heretic, was obviously attracted by Corvo's eccentricities; and seeing that the latter was completely destitute, he befriended him at once. Champion was active in Aberdeen politics, having lately stood as Independent Labour candidate for the parliamentary constituency represented by James Bryce. In 1893 he was running a local weekly paper, the *Aberdeen Standard*, in order to promote his political views, and he added Corvo to his journalistic staff. An article by Corvo on "The Architecture of Aberdeen" (not listed in Mr. Cecil Woolf's Corvo bibliography) was published in the issue of November 30. Corvo evidently thought little of most Aberdeen houses for the aesthetic point of view: he described them as "granite rabbit hutchies".

Corvo's work on the paper, however, could not continue, for Champion, partly for health reasons, had decided to conclude his career in British politics and to emigrate to Australia. He moved to London just before the New Year, being followed by Corvo shortly afterwards. In February, Champion sailed from Liverpool, but he had left certain of his assets in Corvo's hands. This is evident from an unpublished letter of Corvo's which was preserved in Champion's papers. The letter, dated March 24, 1894, was written from 7 Beaufort Street, Chelsea, and was addressed to "R", an unidentified business associate of Champion's, who had evidently sent it on to him. The letter was addressed to "R" in New York, and he like Champion must have left England only shortly before. Corvo complains that "R" had defaulted on payment; to himself which Champion had left instructions for; but penultimate annotation by "R" suggests that, as was usual

with regard to Germany or the Germans, two words of it to try a different point of view?

It is the fashion for England to look on Germany as a successful competitor, a possible rival, a likely-to-be dangerous enemy, but (arguing) as an example to be imitated. Prejudices on all sides over (with books) that things are done better in Germany: that labour is cheaper, wages higher, output of produce superior in quality to quantity, conditions of life more comfortable. Still science more efficient & more economical, sanitary arrangements more perfect. Mr Frank Bullen (for example) preaches that the English mercantile marine would be well advised to take Teutonic tips: while Lord Northcliffe the octobolistic hyperarch of the *Daily Mail*, would have English coal-miners to ape the German.

That is the present English viewpoint.

You be it from me to boast it with unconditioned admiration. I merely suggest that peradventure there may be another, from which a more accurate perspective of the situation might be obtained. All experience shows that the mass of mankind never judges for

F. W. Rolfe about 1908 (left) and 1890, with a page of his manuscript "Concerning England & Germany".

account of the situation was probably not accurate. At any rate, the letter contains no adverse comment on Champion, and Corvo was evidently heartily grateful to him for rescuing him from the depths of his distress when he was in Aberdeen.

That Corvo continued to take a favourable view of Champion is clear from his novel *Hudrian the Seventh*. In this work, first published in 1904, Champion and other labour leaders appear under recognizable pseudonyms, and Corvo's observations about the labour movement in general show that his views remained coloured by the bias of Champion's ideas. The Labour Representation Committee—the embryo of the present-day Labour Party—is, by a constellation with the Clarion Fellowship, described as the "Liblab Fellowship", a title which suggests subordination to Liberal influence; and Corvo lists its newspaper organs as the *Sulphur* and *Reynard's*, in which we can easily recognize the *Clarion* and *Reynolds's*. The editor of the former, Robert Blatchford, is thinly disguised as "Comrade Matchwood"; and Champion himself is depicted under the pseudonym of "Dymoke", a name which is readily understood when it is remembered that Dymoke is the family name of the holders of the hereditary title of "King of Champion and Standard-Bearer of England". In the nightmare world of *Hudrian the Seventh*, "Rose" (i.e., Corvo himself) is attacked by a labour leader, "Jerry Sant", as a "Tory spy" and as an associate of "the traitor Dymoke" (i.e., Champion); and "Dymoke" is described elsewhere by the author as

the only capable fighting man ever possessed by socialism... spunged upon for fifteen years by socialist cadgers, sucked dry, ruined, and cast out, a victim of socialist jealousy and treachery. In the plans laid for a Social Revolution towards the end of the nineteenth century, that man had been named champion, and his place was vacant: for a military expert rarely errs into the purview of socialism.

Our leader who denounces "Rose" adds some more details of "Dymoke's" career:

Don't someone remember I was the one that stopped the traitor's letters, and gave information of his treachery? If it hadn't been for me he would have bought the balls show with his Tory gold. It was me as put my spoke in his wheel and got him expelled in time.

SUNDAY MIRROR
National Exhibition
Children's Art 1969

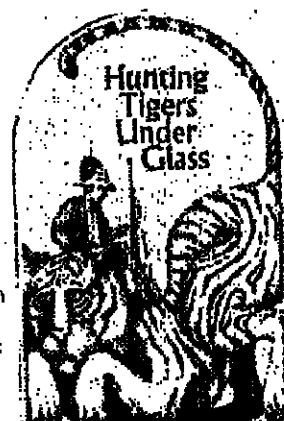
ADVISORY COMMITTEE:
Sir Basil Spence, Mr. Alan Davis,
Mr. Tom Hudson, Mr. Andrew Nairn,
Mr. Victor Pasmore, Mr. Frank Tuckett.

Entries are invited for the 1969 exhibition, to be held in London in September. A £300 grant for training in art will be given to the exhibitor whose work on further examination shows the most promise. Age limit: 17 years. Closing date: 8th March 1969. For full details of entry and awards send stamped addressed envelope to:

NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CHILDREN'S ART, LEAFLET B, SUNDAY MIRROR, 33 HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1.

Mordecai Richler Hunting Tigers Under Glass

The pieces, bitter-sweet and often very funny, form a kind of instant biography of reminiscence, observation and opinion... Mr Richler observes, collects and remembers the essential data with at once an ironic and a sympathetic vision. *Times Literary Supplement*



The problems of the Jew, the Canadian, and the Jewish Canadian writer in exile is the subject of this slim volume of essays and reports... serious but humorous attempt to explore various myths about being Jewish... a wonderful read. *Stanley Reynolds, Guardian*

Waidenfeld & Nicolson 35s

From Nomad to Party Leader

ALBERT MAORI KIKI: *Kiki: Ten Thousand Years in a Lifetime*, 190pp. Pall Mall Press, 35s.

The immediate impression, made by *Kiki: Ten Thousand Years in a Lifetime* is one of vigour and independence of mind. Mr. Maori Kiki seems to have been able to pass right through the colonial experience, from his remote village childhood to public life in a nearly-independent New Guinea, without acquiring a trace of a "colonial mentality". He takes the white world very much as he finds it; intolerant of the slightest bullying or condescension, he is ready to respond warmly to any sign of genuine human interest or love of his country.

Maori Kiki spent his childhood with a nomadic hunting and farming group wandering the forested hills of the upper Pulari River. These were his mother's people and it was from them, perhaps, that he learnt to be so positively and unapologetically himself. In her youth, his mother had been twice widowed, for this was a land of constant warfare, and had borne two children. She had thus no prospect of remarriage within the group, which sensibly restricted its population to what the environment could support. To marry outside the group was simply undreamt of. Consisting of only some thirty people, such a group had not even trade relations outside the clan, let alone intermarriage. Contact with other clans consisted of perpetual desultory warfare, the "pay-back" of a society where only blood can pay for blood. To this village came suddenly the

white patrol officer with his black constable, a travelled man from the coastal villages of Oroko. When the constable blew his whistle for the usual village census, the mourning widow stayed in her hut as custom demanded. But the peremptory second blast brought her out and with astonishing boldness of mind she astonished herself next to the strange constable, the only man present who might recognize her existence as a woman. He did so, and in this way was Maori Kiki born. Raised and initiated in his mother's clan, he then left for Oroko to study the ways of his father. Although this was a community in much greater contact with the outer world, complete with school, missionary and trading-store, yet he was just in time to go through one of the last ceremonies of initiation into the *mumpa cravo*, or young men's house.

Here he absorbed the fundamental ideals of communal labour and responsibility, and prepared himself for the great *Koyave* festival when the young initiates wear all the masks and ornaments given them by their uncles. This was the climax of his traditional upbringing, but already the old festivals and ceremonies were dying, the *eyavo* being burnt and the beautiful masks thrown out to rot in the courtyards. So Maori Kiki never completed the last stage of his initiation into the *hehe eyavo*, the house of the grown men, nor saw that institution functioning as it had done down the centuries.

The finger of modernity was stretched out to snatch him, and soon he was bearing the frequent and pointless beatings which seem to mark

every mission boyhood from Ghana to Port Moresby. Neither of his parents was Christian and he himself was candidly uninterested in this strange religion, yet he was flogged every Sunday if he failed to produce the whole family in church. Thus was the God of Love introduced to New Guinea.

There follow the years of his early wandering and education, in which he was constantly encouraged and assisted by one man, an Australian Health Officer. But for this, he might well have returned to his forest village in disgust, taking with him the two beautiful sisters who wanted to marry him. But the process, once begun, led him to study medicine in the Fijis, community development in Buka Island and political organiza-

tion in the gradually awakening capital of Moresby. Working successively as an assistant pathologist, welfare assistant, patrol officer and secretary of the Pangu Pati, he hurried himself into each activity with evident energy, intelligence and concern for justice. He describes with equal gusto the great three-day fight between the Kerema people and the Army in Moresby market and his proud arrival in Samoa as a black V.I.P. at the independence celebrations: "I strutted across the tarmac swinging my arms like a white man."

In the later chapters Maori Kiki traces the main lines of conflict between an Administration adhering to the doctrine of "equal development" and the growing educated class in New Guinea. To the widespread

Visitors to Japan

PAT BARR: *The Deer Cry Pavilion*, 282pp. Macmillan, £2.5s.

At the beginning of the 1880s the Japanese Government commissioned a British architect to design a spacious building in Tokyo, to be known as the *Rokumeikan*, "The Hall of the Baying Stag" or (as Mrs. Barr prefers to call it) "The Deer Cry Pavilion". Opened in 1883, the *Rokumeikan* was intended to be the place where Japan's leaders might enjoy (in the words of the Foreign Minister) "social intercourse with foreigners upon a grand scale".

At first this laudable intention seems to have been realized. On gala nights at the *Rokumeikan*, Ministers of State and former *daimyo*, correctly attired in swallow-tail coats and black waistcoats, dined with the wives and daughters of foreign diplomats; it was all white ties and bustles (for Japanese ladies did not wear *kimono*) at the *Rokumeikan*, like a drawing by George du Maurier. The entire venture in fact was part of the government's campaign to prove to Europeans and Americans that Japan had become a modern civilized state, and that therefore the "unequal treaties" with foreign powers—imposing extra-territoriality and a low tariff—should be revised without further delay. Alas! for such hopes, nearly ten years were to pass before revision was in sight, and after a brief moment of glory

ionable rendezvous, lost favour among the Japanese.

A study of the *Rokumeikan* would make a fascinating monograph. So Mrs. Barr's title must arouse the curiosity of the Japanologist. However, her book deals only fleetingly with the famous "Pavilion". The focus is much broader. The book is indeed largely a gallery of portraits, of the remarkable foreigners who lived in, or visited, Japan during the Meiji era. As readers of her earlier work, *The Coming of the Barbarians*, will know, this is the kind of thing that Mrs. Barr can handle with dexterity and wit. The redoubtable Isabella Bird Bishop, the worldly Loti, and the unworried Hearn are possibly the leading figures in her story. But many others—consults, missionaries, and globe-trotters—enliven the pages of *The Deer Cry Pavilion*. And there is an admirable account of that great scandal of Yokohama in the 1890s, the Carew murder-case.

All in all, *The Deer Cry Pavilion* is a pleasure to read. We are promised a full-length study by Mrs. Barr of Isabella Bird Bishop—that extraordinary woman, with a cast-iron digestion, who travelled alone over much of the Far East. This, too, has won a place for herself as a writer who can present in a style both popular and elegant the fruits of accurate research. She should be encouraged to learn the written forms of the Japanese language, for access to

What the Japanese thought about the foreigners, and this is hardly less true of some study of the newspapers and novels of the period. Moreover, Mrs. Barr's eye sources would enable her to enter the looking-glass world of Meiji Japan, and to see the nineteenth-century Japanese and expatriates, such as Jo and Baba Tatsui.

Here is a possible footnote: Mrs. Barr's cast of characters includes the young Batchelor, of the Church of England Society, who cycled with his tricycle tied to the handlebars, and who rode to Hokkaido in the Meiji era. He remained in Hokkaido when after more than thirty years he decided to return to his land. He was then Arthur Batchelor, O.B.E., and a member of the octogenarian, bearded and balding, and like an Aizu elder himself, he lived in Canada on his way home to sea passage across the Pacific. At length he arrived in Japan, and he died the following year, in 1943. He was buried in the churchyard in Sussex, his grave marked by a simple stone. Lawrence & Wishart

Eleventh Children's Literary Competition

Organised by the Daily Mirror
Entries now invited. Closing date: March 8th 1969.
For full details of entry and awards send stamped addressed envelope to:
CHILDREN'S LITERARY COMPETITION, LEAFLET B, DAILY MIRROR, 33 HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1.

Advisory Panel:
Sir John Newson, Miss Janet Adam Smith, Mr. Michael Baldwin, Mr. Leonard Clark, Miss Marjorie L. Hound, Mr. Ted Hughes, Mr. Melvin J. Lasky.

مكتبة الطفل

Pet worship

KATHLEEN SZASZ: *Petishism*. 227pp. Hutchinson, 35s.

Most of us are a little mad one way or another, and the affluent society has given many of us the time and money needed to indulge our oddities and possibly to find more bizarre ways of expressing them. From that to the proposition that modern man, particularly modern urban man, is madder than any of his predecessors, is a dizzy step indeed. Miss Szasz takes it fearlessly, with never a cautious glance at the abyss below. Two years of research in Europe and America have provided her with a mass of what she apparently regards as satisfactory evidence that the attention lavished on animals in industrialized Western countries is a sign of man's alienation from himself. Having lost the anchor of religion, and simultaneously, but not because of it, his identity, man has no respect for the "humanness" in himself or in others and has become more godly and purposefully cruel than before. Today, his overwhelming preoccupation with ailments is no longer a symptom of displaced guilt but a desperate attempt to preserve at least some food for his soul in a materialistic world that rejects love and drives those it cannot cure of it into lunatic asylums.

(That extract is a fair sample at once of the author's prose and of her thought processes.)

All right, an investigation made by a Sunday newspaper in 1966 showed that Britain spends six times

as much on pet foods as on baby foods, and "an American authority on pet animals" has said that people who kidnap dogs deserve "not only fines and prison, but hanging", and "a wealthy widow" in Santa Monica spends \$547.50 a year on her "unpampered" Scottish terrier, and there is a man in Munich who takes "a spoiled Alsatian" to the pub for a glass of beer every night.

Springing from all that there should be projects enough for many more happy years of research into the incidence of breast-feeding in Britain, and the treatment which the more stalwart of our Conservative Women would advocate for opponents of capital punishment, and how much a year "wealthy widows" in Santa Monica and other parts of the United States spend on private psychiatric treatment, or, come to that, how many of them hate their husbands. Not to say into the tastes which domestic pets may develop spontaneously. The present reviewer was once acquainted with a seemingly well-adjusted brown dog, of dubious ancestry but immense charm, who greatly enjoyed tomatoes, which he picked for himself from the garden vines. Only small ones and only when they were quite ripe.

Strokes

ALAN BARHAM CARTER: *All about Strokes*. 194pp. Nelson, £2.2s.

Strokes, and diseases of blood vessels, are now one of the commonest causes of death among human beings in advanced countries. Improved hygiene and the action of many new drugs in overcoming what used to be lethal infections has left cancer and diseases of the heart and blood-vessels as the reason for the end of the lives of many people. But with a stroke there is something more than just death: man has been brought up to believe that to suffer a stroke, if this is not fatal at once, will result in a life of helpless invalidism if not of idiocy. Dr. Barham Carter in *All about Strokes* has set out in a clear and understandable way to tell the truth about strokes. While complete invalidism may still be the result of a severe stroke in an old person, with modern methods of treatment and rehabilitation the majority of patients who now suffer from a stroke can look forward to a life of interest and activity often almost to the same extent as before they were taken ill.

Dr. Barham Carter explains what a stroke is and how it is caused, and gives useful hints on the prevention of this condition, although he says:

If I had to give a golden rule for living that would prevent a stroke I should have to rely on that magnificent cliché of compromise: "moderation in all things".

Elsewhere in his book he says: Perhaps the easiest way to avoid a stroke is to choose your father and mother carefully. A family with a history of long and healthy lives represents probably the best insurance policy against degenerative disease and high blood pressure.

But prevention of arterial degeneration and high blood pressure are often within a patient's capacity. Dr. Barham Carter's advice, for which he sensibly gives good reasons, is thorough and sound: some of his dietary restrictions may sound a little strict, after all, man must die of something at some time. This book should be of interest and value to any layman (and to many in the medical world as well) who is interested in a pathological condition which is common, often preventable, and, more often, can be treated with success. At the end of this book there is a descriptive list of the various gadgets and other aids for the disabled, which can be obtained from the British Red Cross Society, and other sources. These can be of great use in the resettlement of patients who still suffer from some disability as the result of a stroke.

A century of children

ROBERT WOOD: *Children, 1773-1890*. 96pp. Evans, 30s.

Modern techniques of photographic reproduction are obviously going to add a new dimension to history teaching. Following in the footsteps of the "Jackdaw" series of facsimile documents for children comes *Children, 1773-1890*, the first of the new "History at Source" series of large, bound (but detachable) facsimiles, with captions and a short introduction, the whole making an unusual and lively "teaching aid". The forty documents reproduced are a mixed collection: legal papers on children's working conditions; letters and other material on emigrating families; posters and advertisements of all kinds; an assortment of prospectuses, letters and other documents relating to schools, including some handsome pages of woodcuts and prints from early reading primers—one respect, at least, in which the children of 1803 seem to have been luckier than those of today. Altogether, *Children, 1773-1890* is outstanding value for thirty shillings. Bibliographies and some guidance in tracing other source material from local archives might perhaps have been useful additions.

Browsing through, even the adult reader finds he has to face a formidable credibility gap. Was it really while Wordsworth was writing of his childhood's "dizzy raptures" that Elizabeth Smith, aged seven, was indentured to her employer for fourteen years? Was it less than a hundred years ago that the employment

of boy chimney-sweeps was forbidden by law? ("A bricklayer was employed with the utmost expedition, but he succeeded only in obtaining a lifeless body.") Was it one of our great-grandfathers who signed the guarantee that no child under eleven at Leek Silk Mill had worked more than sixty hours a week? The proposal in the introduction that "Victorian England gave the world a new conception of childhood and

Petticoat power

MAURICE BARDECH: *Histoire des Femmes*. Volume 1: 384pp, 26fr. Volume 2: 447pp, 32.20fr. Paris: Stock.

It is difficult to envisage the readers at whom M. Bardeche, professor turned journalist, is aiming the monumental work which he has compiled with an energy worthy of Balzac (whose complete works he has edited). The level is that of popular history or good middle-brow journalism. The apparatus is that of scholarship. Historians, one supposes, do not resort to vulgarizations however humble. How many general readers will remain undeterred by upwards of fifty references to a single chapter? That is the author's problem or his publisher's. *Histoire des Femmes*, regardless of it, matches confidently on from pre-Iron Age China to

twentieth-century Saudi Arabia. The first of the two volumes, *Histoire des Femmes*, is a study of the history of women from having newly gained and so power, have in a good deal of the power wielded from within the seraglio. To illustrate this, the author points to the Empress Theodora, St. Sforza, now sketches a page of the right-wing leader, and the substantial moles in France or the marriage of the United States. The details, even if at times a sketch, are plentifully illustrated by the author's much useful book for journalists and others, who may be called deal quickly with general

people are struck by the fact that the book is really about himself, Libya is only the vehicle. Fair enough, he is no pundit, nor does he claim to be one, but he still occasionally falls into the trap, pontificating instead of offering a personal impression. Apart from such lapses this is a pleasant, useful book, valid as a piece of light reportage, entertaining in its description of what it is like to be an English lecturer at an Arab university.

Education was Mr. Thwaite's job and it is on this that he writes best. Libya is a developing country and its universities are not as go-ahead as, say, its oil industry. Too often have visiting teachers from Europe, wishing to be charitable and encouraging, minimized the backwardness of most Asian and African higher education. Mr. Thwaite was expected to teach English literature, from Shakespeare to John Osborne, to students with but the faintest grasp of English grammar. Poetry which does not rhyme, wrote one of his students, is "not nice". For Hamlet's mother to marry Claudius was, by Arab standards, the most natural thing in the world. The weird set-up at the University of Ben-

ghazi (known by the coffee-swilling expatriate wives as "Ben-ghastly") can be summed up in one and not a true sentence: "The Libyan student simply hadn't read or thought enough to cope with anything approaching a university course."

The author dabbled in Libya's archaeology, but what he writes is too short, too stark. The reader needs background knowledge to enjoy stories of Cyrene, Leptis and Apollonia. Those with such knowledge will skip the chapters on archaeology because they know the stuff already. Mr. Thwaite has not quite worked out who he is writing for.

The author gives a whole chapter to the events of "Black Monday", the 1967 Arab-Israeli war, when buildings were set on fire and Europeans were expelled en masse. His account of stiff-upper-lip behaviour in refugee accommodation will make the reader smile, but then again leave him hanging, wondering what politics there were before and after the six days of hostilities. It is a pity that Mr. Thwaite was involved in it all. It may be difficult for him to go back to Libya, if he did and spent a few more years there, his next book might well be a dish to relish. The present one is only an appetizer.

Day after day her diary records such an accumulation of tribulations that her journey would seem to most people more of an affliction than an adventure. The rain soaks her, the mud nearly drowns her, her feet are like raw meat. Shifts steal her meagre kit, officials put bureaucratic obstacles in her way and the bugs bite so fiercely and frequently in one native hut after another that one wonders how she can have any skin

selected examples is required rather than no examples at all. That is not to deny the good sense of many of Mr. Makings' particular observations. His repeated emphasis on the fact that agricultural development means "the progress of the people on the land", while overstated, is a useful antidote to the neo-Stalinist doctrine, particularly popular among American agricultural economists, that agriculture exists to export food, men and savings for a booming urban sector. His discussion of the danger of freehold, and of the case for a "rightholder" system, preserving the advantages of traditional communal tenure while reaching out towards individual incentives, is very useful. His concentration on primary education, as a necessary condition for successful extension, is apparently sound enough, although it seems to run counter to his acute observation that urbanization means "a shift from low cost consumption to high cost consumption".

Mr. Makings' experience and human sympathy, if combined with scholarly empirical work and some power of abstraction, might well produce a brilliant piece of agricultural analysis; but this pamphlet, for all its pretensions to general application, may well retard the causes it

author has at heart.

Chances of unity

BARNE: *African Renaissance*. 340pp. Gollancz, £2.5s.

There is little sign of willingness within N.A.T.O. to surrender any substantial part of those vested privileges in world markets, which they still enjoy as an inheritance from the flourishing imperialism of the last century.

and he is highly critical of the failure of western countries to look at the economic gap between themselves and the "A.L.A." countries (Africa, Asia, Latin America) in anything but selfish terms.

What sensible African would wish to estimate success in the modernizing of his country by the level of public expenditure on armed forces—especially if he is aware that world spending on armaments equals the whole income of the 2,000 million members of the A.L.A. group?

The man's Libya

THWAITE: *The Desert*. 180pp. Secker Warburg, 42s.

A beautiful book about a country is a task that springs from the mind of many young writers. The theory is that one only has to go there, make copious notes, and then, back in the comfort of one's study, write up the observations amusingly and instructively, and the public will want to buy the book. It will be an alternative to one's own, which would be more expensive.

Books like these are hard to write. A country is a complex thing. No Englishman would cover in a 200-page book the history, architecture, education, sociology and politics, and would be shapeless, bitty, and would be the author a laugh. How then can Mr. Thwaite, who has been in Libya for a long time, do it? The answer, Mr. Thwaite provides, is to write about the "man's Libya". This means

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In court

L. C. B. GOWER: *Independent Africa*. 154pp. Oxford University Press, 32s.

The sub-title "The Challenge to the Legal Profession" indicates the value of Professor Gower's small book better than the title, *Independent Africa*. Four lectures at Harvard two years ago were intended to outline some of the difficulties facing lawyers in West and East Africa now that British rule has ended. But knowing that law, least of all in new states, can hardly be detached from the society it serves, the lecturer felt it necessary to spend some of his allotted time on describing the colonial legacy. It is unfortunate that he spent as much time as he did, because what he said is neither fresh nor stimulating in contrast to what he had to say on his own subject of law in its new African setting.

A reformer as well as a teacher of law, Professor Gower has an alert eye for the tasks awaiting the courts. There are all too few Africans who are judges, or even as magistrates, are well equipped to cope with these tasks. What is worse, there is little prospect that students now in training will shortly be in a position to cope. This is not merely a matter of numbers but of insight into contemporary needs and of eagerness to meet them. "Lawyers", says Professor Gower, "are a par excellence members of the elite." As such they are inclined to put their energies into

pursuit of their own careers. This is not surprising, but how will change come if the ablest lawyers are not devoting themselves to producing it? Even if they were, they would have to think about the primary question of how much English law they wish to retain and how much indigenous law and custom they want to defend.

On his last page Professor Gower remarks that too many African lawyers are typical Englishmen. Yet in his opening lecture he had said that, "with rare exceptions, an African from Anglophone Africa (especially West Africa) does not speak or think like an Englishman". Perhaps this contradiction reflects the uncertainty that pervades so much of the legal systems still in the making; it also reflects the fact that although ever since the Second World War African bar students in England have outnumbered English students by about four to one, their training takes scant account of their future role in their own countries. Professor Gower reserves his sharpest words for "the failure of the English legal profession to do more for African students, one of the gravest indictments that can be levelled against us." As it happened, the author was himself a member of the official committee which in 1960 rather summarily disposed of the problems of legal education for students from Africa. He has now done something to repair the earlier deficiency, but much more remains to be done in African law schools as well as in London.

Hard hiking

MURPHY: *In Ethiopia with a Mule*. 281pp. John Murray, 35s.

This is Miss Murphy's fourth book, and no doubt readers who have met her in the earlier ones—full tilt from Ireland to India on a bicycle and all that—will know pretty much what to expect. For this reviewer, however, *In Ethiopia With a Mule* was a first encounter, and a somewhat exhausting one.

The trouble is that Miss Murphy does, indeed, pursue her travels so relentlessly at full tilt. From the moment she lands at Massawa until, regrettably, she fetches up amid the dubious modernities of Addis Ababa, three months and 1,000 miles of hard hiking later, she is relentlessly on the go. To a mere effete male of the jet travelling kind, her physical energy seems almost indecent and her taste for discomfort borders on masochism.

Day after day her diary records such an accumulation of tribulations that her journey would seem to most people more of an affliction than an adventure. The rain soaks her, the mud nearly drowns her, her feet are like raw meat. Shifts steal her meagre kit, officials put bureaucratic obstacles in her way and the bugs bite so fiercely and frequently in one native hut after another that one wonders how she can have any skin

left after all the scratching she has to do.

Yet every morning she is up and away again at cock-crow, pausing only when she is absolutely forced to by physical weakness or disaster, and even then contriving to improve the shining hour by local excursions or earnest attempts at conversation with whoever passes by. No wonder she wore out not only the mule with which she started but the donkey she got to replace him as well.

It is really very exhausting indeed, and all the more so because of Miss Murphy's unflagging cheerfulness. True, she confesses to a fit of rage now and then, when Ethiopian arrogance or incompetence penetrates even her dedicated sympathy, and once or twice she is in real physical danger and genuinely afraid for herself. But even these occasions are made to seem in her recounting just further uproarious examples of the curdled pies that life always flings at the cheerful traveller.

Perhaps Miss Murphy is one of nature's clowns. Yet she has undeniable merits as a traveller, and she is plainly an admirable woman. She has a romantic soul and a keen eye. She writes competently and is endlessly curious. If only she had the virtue of repose, or the taste for collecting and reflecting upon her experiences in tranquillity, she would surely write a better and less breathless book.

Question 2

C. H. R. Ralph: *The Literary Conscience in England*. Sir Dugald Baird: *Social Research and Observant Practice*. Antony Flew: *The Apocalypse or the Young Marx*. Angus Calder: *A Radical to Back Britain*. Kai Nielsen: *Language and the Concept of God*. H. J. Blackham: *Faith and Reason: Yesterday and Today*. Walter Arnsperg: *Charles Bradlaugh: the Freshwater in the Sea*. 5/- paper 7/6 cloth.

B. PEMBERTON: 88 Edlington High St. NI.

DECORATIVE DESIGNS AND CRAFTSMANSHIP OF INDIA. By Enakshi Bhattacharya. Price Rs. 45.00. With over 1000 designs and motifs from the cradle of Indian art. Enakshi Bhattacharya. The book contains decorative designs, selected from India's many handicrafts. This is an essential source book of motifs, designs and motifs, a complete atlas and reference book for Commercial Artists, craftsmen, decorators, interior designers, architects, teachers and students, and all lovers of art and beauty. A Glossary and a Bibliography have also been appended for the serious student of the decorative arts. Published in D. L. TARAPOREVALA SONB 6 CO. Private Ltd. 110 St. D. Narayana Road, Bombay 1 (INDIA), India.

Going west

MARSHALL SPRAGUE: *A Gallery of Dudes*. 296pp. Secker and Warburg, £3.3s.

The pedantic should be warned off this lavishly illustrated but not remarkably intelligent book, not remarkably intelligent book. On the first page of the text we are introduced to "Count Alexis de Tocqueville, the elegant French duke (who) got to Lake Michigan in 1831 and had some tart comments in his *Democracy in America*". A great deal of this trivial work is at this level. It seems unlikely that Mr. Marshall Sprague has any adequate idea of the interesting history of Harmony (Indiana). And Mr. Sprague does not seem to have made much effort to identify such improbable figures as "Lord Archibald Palmer" and "Lord George Glenlyon", and in one of the most comically inaccurate (and also most entertaining) of his chapters, Mr. Sprague cannot even spell the name of his hero successfully. He was the "Marquis de Morès", but Mr. Sprague is below—or above—accuracy.

There is a good deal of entertainment, all the same. We have Lord Dunraven hunting in the Wild West before he vainly attempted to win the America's Cup (Mr. Sprague exas-

perates in suggesting that the subsequent row nearly led to a breach of diplomatic relations between Great Britain and the United States). The most impressively absurd "dude" visit to the West was that of the Grand Duke Alexis who was a seafaring sailor son of Tsar Alexander II. He spent forty seafaring days from Madeira on his father's ship, *Sveclann*. We learn from Mr. Sprague that the warship could not use its "motors" (in 1872). However, Colorado Springs is far enough away from the sea to make such errors pardonable. The illustrations redeem the text—which is very little of a distraction.

Work was a collection of personal accounts of jobs by Ronald Fraser and published in *Left Review* a year ago. It is a sequel with the same publishers (365pp., 7s. 6d.) which first appeared in the *Review* between 1965 and 1967.

selected examples is required rather than no examples at all. That is not to deny the good sense of many of Mr. Makings' particular observations. His repeated emphasis on the fact that agricultural development means "the progress of the people on the land", while overstated, is a useful antidote to the neo-Stalinist doctrine, particularly popular among American agricultural economists, that agriculture exists to export food, men and savings for a booming urban sector. His discussion of the danger of freehold, and of the case for a "rightholder" system, preserving the advantages of traditional communal tenure while reaching out towards individual incentives, is very useful. His concentration on primary education, as a necessary condition for successful extension, is apparently sound enough, although it seems to run counter to his acute observation that urbanization means "a shift from low cost consumption to high cost consumption".

Mr. Makings' experience and human sympathy, if combined with scholarly empirical work and some power of abstraction, might well produce a brilliant piece of agricultural analysis; but this pamphlet, for all its pretensions to general application, may well retard the causes it

author has at heart.

People on the land

MAKINGS: *Agricultural Problems of Developing Countries*. 184pp. Oxford University Press, 30s.

Mr. Makings' experience and human sympathy, if combined with scholarly empirical work and some power of abstraction, might well produce a brilliant piece of agricultural analysis; but this pamphlet, for all its pretensions to general application, may well retard the causes it

Younghusband Expedition

An Interpretation by Parashottam Mehra, Foreword by Sir Olaf Caroe. February 19, 69. Lord Curzon, then Viceroy of India, was beset by Col. Younghusband's mission to Lhasa in 1903, prompted by his fears that Russia was about to extend its influence towards India through Tibet. Col. Younghusband's military mission was so successful that he was able to dictate terms to the Tibetans only to find the British Government led by Balfour was unwilling to accept this addition to the Empire. The final arrangement made about Tibet's status is at the heart of the later tragic history of Tibet under Mao's China.

The World of Words

China Past and Present. By P. S. Menon, February 19, 69. (Paperback). A former Indian Ambassador to China talks about the way in which this country shows to the world now. The Brahmanical Culture and Modernity. By A. D. Modak, February 19, 69. (Paperback). A distinguished Professor of English in India, examines the origin of words and their relevance to history and culture, the way in which they change in form and meaning, the differences between English as Shakespeare's day and now and finally, American and Indian English and "British English".

Wilkes and Liberty

An exhibition to commemorate the expulsion of John Wilkes from the House of Commons. The British Museum. 1 February to 13 April 1969.

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